

ῬῬΟΜΟΣ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΟΣ:

Being an H E R O I C K

P O E M,

Humbly Offered to His Most Sacred

MAJESTY  
WILLIAM the III.  
K I N - G

O F

Great Britain;

Upon his Arrival from

HOLLAND.

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By the Honourable E. H. of *Suffolk*.

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*Arma Virumque cano— Virg. Æn. Lib. I.*

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L O N D O N, Printed for Richard Baldwin, near the Oxford  
Arms Inn in Wvrick Lane, 1696.

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ΠΤΟΜΟΣ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΟΣ:

A N

Heroick Poem, &c.

**H**ail! Heaven-born Prince, o'th' Gods the chiefest Care;  
 Mirror of Kings, the Life and Soul of War :  
 Thy Num'rous Triumphs to the World proclaim,  
 That *Nassau's* Deeds, are equal to his Name.  
 Where e're the Hero moves, he fills the fight,  
 At once with Wonder, and a blest'd Delight.  
 A Prince endu'd with more than mortal Fire,  
 Whose Val'rous Acts, *even Gods themselves Admire.*  
 Flame to his Army Great *Nassau* does give,  
 And weak'ned Troops by him Subdue, and live.  
 Hail! August *Sir*, whose Mild, but Potent Arm,  
 In Battle seems, the very Dead to warm.

The *Senate* bends before your Radiant Throne,  
 Where Seven great Lords bear to *Nassau* that Crown, }  
 Which He so Nobly to their Trust lay down. }

As when bright *Sol* to some new Clime do's go,  
 And there amidst the shades his warmth bestow ;  
 The unfrequented Groves to Deserts turn,  
 For whose bless'd Rays the Springs and Fountains Mourn :  
 Flow'rs hang down their drooping Heads and fade ;  
 The truest Emblems of a Virgin Maid,  
 Which oft by them are in their Bosoms laid.  
 So, Glorious *Sir*, since you have left this Isle,  
 No Beauteous Nymph would e're vouchsafe to Smile ;  
 Because *Nassaw* shin'd not in Person here,  
 Summer to us but faintly would appear :  
 Yet now when you your Royal Beams display,  
 Times Circle seems but one continued Day,  
 And the glad Hours in Bliss dissolve away.  
 Long has *Britannia* wish'd her Lord's Return,  
 Oft to the Gods would Holy Incense burn.  
 Much the Nymph mus'd on *Nassaw's* Noble Race,  
 Pleas'd with each Feature of his God-like Face,  
 His Gen'rous Meen, and ev'ry Martial Grace.  
*William* was All, which did her Thoughts employ,  
*O Enone* like, when *Paris* went to *Troy*,  
*Albions* Delight, and chaste *Britannia's* Joy.  
 To distant Waves many a Look she made,  
 Which from the Shore her Heavenly Prince convey'd.  
*Hero* † cou'd not *Leander* more bewaile  
 That Night, when forc'd her longing Arms to fail :



In vain she call'd on Dear *Leander's* Name,  
 When the Suns-beams put out the Taper's flame.  
 Often the Nymph heav'd up her naked Breast,  
 And to the Winds and Seas much care exprest:  
*Nassaw* by Day was ever in her sight,  
 Who bore his Image in soft Dreams by Night.  
*Dido* to \* *Anna* weeping did impart  
 Like Grief, when Love reign'd Monarch of her Heart:  
 The *Tyrian Queen* could no free passage find,  
 Thrô which to vent the Anguish of her Mind, }  
 The God as Cruel, as her Sister, kind: }  
 Not that the shining Sword, or glitt'ring Spear,  
 Rais'd in *Britannia's* Mind this Virgin fear.  
 Wond'rous *Nassaw* can of himself Alone  
 Slay † Elephants, and throw strong Castles down:  
 But that which Rob'd this Beauteous Nymph of rest,  
 Wounding with Tears and Sighs her Snowy Breast;  
 Who on a Couch wou'd lean Oppress'd with Care,  
 In look, than the bright *Paphian Queen* more fair; }  
 With Mantle loose, dischevell'd all her Hair: }  
 Were Thoughts the Pious Nymph did entertain,  
 Lest a *Ravillac* her lov'd Prince had slain.  
 'Twas not the Fate of War, or *Villeroy's* Fame,  
 Which blew the Fuel of her inward Flame.  
*Nassaw* in Arms, Superiour is to all,  
 And at the Hero's Feet, whole Armies fall.

\* Virg.  
Lib. 4.

Nought but vile Plots encreas'd *Britannia's* Pain,  
Working thro' all her Limbs and ev'ry Vein.

Poyson and Dagger are *Rome's* Instruments,  
By which She Blood thro' the wide Orb foment:  
Renown'd as much for her unbounded Lust,  
As *France* more false than *Carthage* to her Trust.  
*Rome*, Mother is of all the blackest Vice;  
Tho' sure *St. Peter* never taught Her this:  
Witness ye Gods, when *Hell* with *Jesuits* joyn'd,  
And Him to Murder in cold Blood combin'd.

Yet Heaven, Great *Sir*, indulgent to the Brave,  
Is fix'd in her Decrees your Life to save:  
*Nassau*, who has in War so often stood,  
With Angels Face, 'midst Storms of Fire and Blood;  
Who Cannon-Balls Serenely does despise,  
Dash'd on the Earth with Lightning from his Eyes.  
The Gods that from above, look down and see,  
Thy Brow adorn'd with Crowns of Victory,  
Will Guard your Sacred Breast from Treachery.  
By impious Hands *William's* too brave to Dye;  
Yea, *Nassau* may the Rage of Hell defie.  
Those Lawrels which from Foreign Lands you've bore,  
Surpass what e're Old *Romes* fam'd Consuls wore.  
The Wreaths which round Great *William's* Temples shine,  
Declare his Person, as his Soul, Divine.  
Urg'd by the matchless Trophies of *Nassau*,



Who with his Conq'ring Sword keeps *France* in awe.  
*Apollo* now, Inspire my Muse with Verse,  
 That I once more, may *William's* Praise Rehearse:  
 Tune then *Thalia* thy Harmonious Lyre;  
 Raise thy low Voice, and mount to Heaven for Fire.

I'th' Glorious Tracts of an Eternal space,  
 Where none Ascend but of Angellick Race.  
 Seraphs and Cherubs all about they fly,  
 The Winged Powers o'th' Imperial Sky.  
 Encircled with the Radiant Beams of Light,  
 Where wakeful Day secludes the sleepy Night ;  
 The Majesty of Heaven Serenely sat,  
 Pond'ring which way a Hero to Create;  
 Whose War-like Deeds all *Æra's* might survive,  
 And Sons of *Mars* in him be taught to live:  
 Which Image we, in Great *Nassau* behold, }  
 Numbers too weak his Virtues to unfold; }  
 As *Nestor* Sage, and as *Achilles* Bold.  
*Sparta* nor *Thebes* could ever Parallel  
 His Acts, which even *Demy-Gods* excel.  
 In *Albions* Prince kind Heaven is pleas'd to shew,  
 What, at her Will, Infinity can do.  
 The Best of Kings in whose mild Breast is All,  
 That Man, or truely Brave, or Good can call:

Gainst *Gallic* Troops himself in Person goes,  
 Who to his Captives Royal Pitty shews,  
 And Generously treats the worst of Foes. }  
 Justly might *William* Rule this Orb alone,  
 While *Eastern* Kings turn Vassals to his Throne, }  
 And him great Monarch of the World do own.

From the bless'd VVomb of a *Cæstia*l Dame,  
 Immense in all the Rudiments of Fame,  
 Great *Nassaw* Sprung: To whom all Homage's due;  
 Kin to the Gods, and to his Country True.  
 Bounded are Monarchs in their Sovereign Rule;  
 Yet *Nassaw* seems wide *Europe* to Controul:  
 Upon his Sword vast Empires do depend,  
 And Valiant Princes Court him for their Friend.  
*William*, when but a Youth, did Glory seek,  
 As *Marius* brave, and as † *Timoleon* meek:  
 Gallant *Marcellus*! who the *Gauls* o'rethrew,  
 the And with his Lance \* *Viridomarus* flew,  
 Unto *Nassaw* in Arms inferiour was;  
 His Deeds all humane Courage do surpass.  
 † *Emilius* cou'd ne're such Vict'ries boast;  
 Nor he who overcame the *Punic* Host.  
 Agis, Numa, \* *Furius*, great Men they were,  
 Tho' they to *William* no Resemblance bear.  
 At *Canne* *Hannibal* the *Romans* fought,

And



And by his Sword Immortal Glory got.

*Emp'rours* and \* *Tribunes* fell by's single Hand ;

\* Colon

Where he the *Legions* charg'd, there none durst stand:

Who e're with him in Battle did Engage,

Was sure to fall a *Victim* to his Rage:

Yet cou'd this Chief, Life in himself Renew,

Might his great Actions, see out-done in you.

The \* *Macedonian* Prince, more Rash than Brave,

\* *Alexa*  
Surnam  
Great.

Countries Destroy'd ; but You, whole Kingdoms save:

*Locusts*, which did of late this Land Infest,

Working their Poyson in the Infants Breast ;

Like Birds of Night, when you appear'd by Day,

Fled to their *Cells*, nor wou'd no longer stay.

Proud *Cæsar* who let the brave \* *Pompey* kneel,

\* *Pomp*  
*Pennis*

That he to *Rome* his † *Slipper* might Reveal :

Like thine, his Breast could ne're such Ardour feel ;

No, not when *Caius* sat Enthron'd in State,

And Haughtily *Surviv'd* his Captive's Fate.

When All-Just Heav'n *Nassau's* large Soul did frame,

Double the Portion of Coelestial Flame,

Great Jove infus'd ; in whom we clearly see,

The bright Impresses of Divinity.

On Earth, no Monarch can with him Compare,

Like to the Gods, his Breast exempt from Fear.

Ambitious *Lewis* \* *Holland* did Invade,

And Cities all around in Ashes lay'd ;

In the  
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Temples Destroy'd, nor wou'd the Altars spare,  
 Tho' to the Gods they Consecrated were :  
 War and Distress throughout the Land was spread;  
 In every Place lay mighty heaps of Dead.  
 Gray-headed Senators of Reverend Meen,  
 A trepid Horrour in their Looks were seen;  
 The tender Virgins, with Heart-rending Crys,  
 And Sighs of Aged *Matrons* peirc'd the Skys.  
*Nassau*, then from his Throne of State arose,  
 In Person went the Tyrant to Oppose;  
 And rescu'd weeping *Belgia* from her Foes.  
 † *Bodegrave* will e're Adore Great *William's* Name,  
 And *Altars* raise to his Eternal Fame :  
 When to their Troops, *Nassau* Advanced near,  
 He struck the *Gallic* Generals with Fear;  
 Even *Conde* himself durst not appear.

Descend my Muse, and leave Great *William's* Praise  
 To them of skill in *Sophoclean* Layes:  
 Him, who Prince *Arthur* Sings in lofty Strain;  
 Or \* he, who Lord of Wit, and Verse does Raign.

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† A Town in *Holland*, where his present Majesty King *William*, with no more than two Hundred Burgers, and an hundred Garison Souldiers, twice Repulsed above Five Thousand of the *French*, from before the Walls of *Ardenburg*; and besides the Slain, took five Hundred Prisoners, with several Commanders and Persons of Quality. This Great Action was perform'd in or about the Year, MDC LXXII.



